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SOME PROCEEDINGS
— IN THE LAST Pam 68
PARLIAMENT,
IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED;
IN A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Sir BRITON OLDMODE,
AND
Sir TOWNLY CARELESS.

*Before was ne'er the like,—and should the same
Again arise,—say who must bear the Blame,
Of all the nameless Ills may thence ensue?
Not Stars and Planets, but—Freeholders, YOU!*
ANONYMOUS.

L O N D O N:

Sold at all the Pamphlet-Shops of the Royal-
Exchange, Temple-Bar and Charing-Cross.

(Price Sixpence.)

SOME PROCEEDINGS
 IN THE LAST
 PARLIAMENT,
 IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED
 IN A
 DIALOGUE
 BETWEEN
 ST. BRISTON AND MODE,
 ST. FORTWELL CARELESS.



Before we are too late, — and should the same
 again arise, — we certainly bear the blame,
 Of all the numbers that we have signed;
 Not that we are Placemen, but — Freeholders, TOWN
 ANONYMOUS.

L O N D O N
 Sold at all the Principal Shops of the Royal-
 Exchange, Temple-Bar and Chancery-Lane.
 (Price Sixpence)

SOME PROCEEDINGS
IN THE LAST
PARLIAMENT

IMPARTIALLY CONSIDER'D.

Sir Town. **D**EAR *Sir Briton*, welcome to Town.—I heard of your Arrival but late last Night, or had prevented the favour you do me, by paying you the first Visit.

Sir Brit. Ceremonies are superfluous between Friends, *Sir Townly*,—besides, to confess the Truth, my Journey to *London* and to you in particular, was chiefly instigated by a Motive of Self-Gratification,—we, in the Country have been kept strangely in the dark, as to political Affairs,—we are told in the Gross, that such and such things have happened, but the Measures by which they were attained, and the

End proposed by them are carefully concealed, —the public News-Papers, such of them at least as are permitted to be sent into the Country, are stuffed with the most monstrous Absurdities and palpable Contradictions, so that they only serve to puzzle instead of informing the Mind; and I would fain know the real Truth of our Situation, and what it is we are to hope or expect will be the Consequence of some late Management.

Sir Town. As to that Sir, never was better Management in the World,—we are incontestably the happiest Nation under the Sun; —we have every thing we can wish for, and more than we can ever hope to enjoy.

Sir Brit. I shall be heartily glad you can make it appear to be so,—you know I declined being a Candidate for a Seat in Parliament, at the last Election, because I had so few Opportunities of doing service to my Country in the preceding one; and if this has presented you with more, shall take no small Satisfaction in congratulating you upon it; but Sir, I must be so plain as to tell you, that I fear the direct Contrary will be found on a very little Examination,—else why are all the heavy Grievances so many Years complained of, not only still continued, but others no less insupportable, added to the Load?

Sir Town. O *Sir Briton*, one would imagine you were but just rouzed out of a four or five Years Nap—why all these things are quite out of Doors at this Time of Day;—if you were to make such a Query in a Public Coffee-House,

House, you would be looked upon as a *Jacobite*:—no body now so much as thinks of Grievances.—I tell you we are at present, the most easy contented People that ever was:—we do nothing but Dress, Feast, Sing, Dance and Play; run from one Pleasure to another from Morning to Night, and sometimes all Night too.

Sir Brit. This indeed I am very inclinable to believe;—but pray Sir, give me leave to ask you before I proceed to any farther Questions, how such a gay galloping way of Life agrees with the Character of a Senator? or this Indolence and Inactivity in the Business of the Nation, with the Promises you make to your Constituents at the Time of your Election?—did they not give you their Votes on Condition you should use your utmost Endeavours for the Good of the Country in general, and for that Part of it in particular, of which you have the Honour to be a Representative?—How then does it answer the Expectations of the Honest Freeholders, who committed their all to your Trust, or is it consistent with your own Professions, on receiving that Trust, for you to lavish away in idle Pleasures that precious Time which ought to be devoted entirely to their Service?

Sir Town. Sir you are extremely wrong in your Notions of these Matters,—the Pleasures you are so severe upon, do not at all hinder, nor even interfere with the Grand Business of the Nation;—few of us are absent when we know any material Point is to be discussed,

discussed,—that is, we come time enough to give our Assent or Negative, according as we are directed, which I think is as much as ought to be required of us; for I appeal to yourself, if it would not be unreasonable to expect a Gentleman, who can find so many better ways of killing Time, should sit yawning for I know not how many Hours together, to hear a long Debate maintained concerning a Point, which he is well acquainted with the Fate of beforehand.

Sir *Brit.* Aye? by what Secret pray do you attain this extraordinary Gift of Foresight?

Sir *Town.* I protest Sir *Briton*, you talk like a Man that had not sat in Parliament for half a Century:—sure it is impossible you can be so ignorant as you pretend,—do you not know that every Thing of Consequence is decided before it is ever brought into the House,—that there are some few leading Men, who take the whole Care upon themselves, and all the Arguments against a Question they have determined to carry are no more than for Form-Sake, except by an inconsiderable Number, who are either disaffected or counterfeit being so, in order to oblige the Minister to buy them off at any rate.

Sir *Brit.* Nay, I agree with you that since 1743, in which I think *Opposition* was succeeded by *Broad-bottomry*, the word *Patriotism* is become a perfect Jest, and the Profession of it almost scandalous;—but Sir to what is this Depravity of Principles, this shameful renouncing all Honour, Conscience and Publick Spirit

Spirit, owing, if not to the Oppressions and Luxury of the Times?—the one has proved but too sad a Consequence of the other, and both have brought on a third yet worse Consequence, which is that Degeneracy I speak of: so that the whole Body of People, some very few Instances excepted, may be said to be like a Fellow I once knew, who being robbed of the best Part of his Money, spent the rest in getting drunk at an Alehouse, and afterwards turned Thief for Bread.

Sir Town. You make but a scurvy Compliment to the People of great Britain, methinks, by this Comparison.

Sir Brit. It is to their own Actions, not my Ill-nature, they are indebted for it.—— I commiserate however, more than condemn those of the meaner Sort, whose want of Education, and perhaps Capacity, renders them but too apt to imitate the Vices practised by those above them.

Sir Town. Nay, *Sir Briton*, if you mean on the Score of Corruption, as I think you just now seem'd to hint at Term; it is rather the Example of the meaner Sort, which gives a Sanction to those above them.—— You cannot deny but that the lowest Fellow in Life, if qualified to give his Vote at an Election, sells it to that Candidate who bids most, without any regard to the Use he may afterwards make of the Trust reposed in him;—so that a Member of Parliament being obliged to pay sometimes largely enough for his Seat in the House, he cannot justly be blamed for making the

the most he can of it, as every Man certainly has a Right to dispose of the Commodity he has purchased with his Money; and I do not see any Reason why a good Place, Pension, or even the Present of a Brace of Thousands should not be acceptable to one of us, as the lesser Premiums we bestow are to our Constituents.

Sir *Brit.* Ah, Sir *Townly*, many Reasons might be alledged to shew there is a wide Difference between you in this Article, as well as to prove that all kinds of Vice descend gradually from the greatest to the lowest of the People, till the Practice of them at last becomes a Fashion; but there are other Matters which more demand my Attention at Present.—I would fain have some Particulars relating to your own Conduct a little explained:—you must own I knew your Father well, his Mother was an *Oldmode*, and he was consequently my Relation: we were intimate, and no Man was better acquainted with his Principles and Circumstances than myself.—I am confident he would have suffered his Right Hand to have been cut off, rather than have stretched it to receive the Hire of any dirty Job.—He left you in Possession of a fair Estate, unincumbered with Debts, Mortgages, or Portions for younger Children; you had no Occasion to make a Merchandize of your Voice, however you might imagine yourself authorized to do it, nor to cringe for a Place, Pension, or any Present in the Power of a Minister to bestow:—you wanted no Favours, either for yourself or
any

any belonging to you; yet I am assured from very good Hands, that you have constantly voted with the Court-Party, and fallen as readily in to all their Measures as the most indigent Representative of a little Borough could have done.

Sir Town. I did so,—all the Gentlemen I keep company with were on that Side, and I had no Mind to be particular.

Sir Brit. Then you gave a blind Assent, without ever examining into the Merit or Utility of the Thing proposed.

Sir Town. I always hated Trouble.

Sir Brit. Then I must tell you Sir, that this Indolence is no less fatal to the Constitution than Corruption itself, and I know not if in some Respects it may not even be more blameable, since it leaves the Person guilty of it no Shadow of an Excuse.

Sir Town. Why *Sir Briton*, I don't suppose the Ministers would offer any thing that was not Right.

Sir Brit. 'Tis possible they would not,—I am not going to arraign either their Integrity or Wisdom,—'tis by the Event of Things both must be proved:—but Sir, I think you ought not in Affairs in which the Property of Millions are interested, and on which the Glory and Happiness of a whole Nation hangs, depend on meer Supposition,—all Men are fallible, the very best and greatest have been found so, and is it not an Indication of mean spirit-
edness, if no worse, for those who by their Function are joined equally in Council and

in Power with themselves, to subscribe indiscriminately and without Examination whatever they shall propose?

Sir *Town*. Sure, Sir *Briton*, you forgot that I told you the Fate of every Bill in Parliament was determined previous to its being brought into the House,—therefore to what Purpose would it be, to make any Scrutiny into the Merits of it.—Noses are counted, and a Majority always secured,—'tis true, as said before, there is sometimes a Division; but it is no more than a kind of State Artifice, to amuse such speculative Persons as yourself, and hush the Clamours of some without Doors: for Care is taken that how strong soever the Opposition may seem, there shall be one casting Vote at least on the Side of the Court.

Sir *Brit*. The more Shame for them who suffer their Noses to be counted.

Sir *Town*. Pish, what Gentleman would run the Hazard of being ill-looked upon in the Drawing-Room,—pointed at in all public Places, and in fine, render himself obnoxious to the polite World, by incurring the odious Appellation of a *Jacobite* or a *Republican*.

Sir *Brit*. And is that the Consequence of making Use of one's own Judgment, and voting according to one's Conscience?

Sir *Town*. When they happen to disagree with those of the superior Powers.

Sir *Brit*. Why then Sir I must tell you, I see no manner of Difference between a *Paris* Parliament, and such a one as you describe:—I have no Patience to think on it,—according

to this Proceeding one Part of the Legislature is entirely sunk, and when the Substance is gone, I think the Form of it may as well be so too, and laid aside with the Pageants on a Lord Mayor's Day.

Sir *Town*. You talk strangely Sir *Briton*.

Sir *Brit*. Not at all Sir, an Assembly which subscribes to a Blank, may as well be no Assembly at all,——let the *Will* of whoever shall wear the Crown be absolute Law for the Future, since those who by the Constitution, are empowered to set limits to that *Will*, are resolved to conform to it in every Thing,——therefore I say down with the House of Commons,——let St. *Stephen's* chapel be appropriated for some more laudable Purpose, than a Meeting-House for *Tories*.

Sir *Town*. What do you mean by *Tories*, Sir *Briton*? you cannot think us *Tories*?

Sir *Brit*. Sir I will prove you to have acted on the same Principles,——two of the most notorious of them you openly profess, which are *Non-Resistance* and *passive Obedience*, and if you add not that too of *Divine, Indefeasible, Hereditary Right*, it is only because it does not at present happen to tally with the former.

Sir *Town*. *Tories*! Sir, *Tories*! I take it very ill of you.——

Sir *Brit*. You may be as angry as you please, but I shall always continue to give you that Name; while you continue to walk in the same Steps.

Sir *Town*. Sir you are a *Tory* yourself.

Sir Brit. I defy you to make me appear one, —I am a *Whig Sir Townly*, an *Old Wig*; and know how to pay a due Respect to the Crown, without infringing on the Rights of the Subject, —I am for preserving the Constitution inviolate, and will never give my Consent for sacrificing Liberty to Prerogative.

Sir Town. You cannot be so unjust as to alledge that the Prerogative, either in the Person of his present Majesty, or his late Excellent Father has ever been stretched to the Prejudice of Liberty, or made the least Inroad on the Rights of the People.

Sir Brit. There was little Necessity for any King to render himself unpopular, while there was a House of Commons ready to do the Work for him, if he were so inclined to command; and if neither of these Princes have made so ill a Use of your Complaisance, we are not certain but some future one may be less scrupulous; therefore I say again, let there be no more Meetings of the Commons, —no more nominal Representatives of the People; —no more Elections!

Sir Town. It is you are angry now, *Sir Briton*; but if Passion would give Reason leave to operate, you would consider that a House of Commons is necessary, absolutely necessary, if it were only to bring in such Bills as are beneath the Dignity of a Crown'd Head to take the first Notice of.

Sir Town. Pray what are those, for I never knew a Crown'd-Head thought it beneath his Dignity to demand any thing of the People, he imagined he had occasion for. Sir

Sir Town. But there are some Sir, he cannot possibly think of, yet must be passed,—for Example, mending the High Roads.—

Sir Brit. O! the Common Turnpikes would give him Information, and he could but order his giving Subjects to repair them,—what more?

Sir Town. A great many, *Sir Briton*,—such as Bills of Divorce,—moot Points in Law concerning controverted Births, the Boundaries of Estates, and Impeachments for High Treason.

Sir Brit. And pray might not the two former be determined by the Bishops and Judges, in their respective Jurisdictions? and as for the latter, I should think *Murray's* Evidence might as well become, and be as well received before the Bar of the *Old Bailey*, as before yours?—I should have been much better pleased, to have heard you say there was a Necessity for the sitting of a House of Commons to consult Ways and Means for paying off the heavy Debts, with which the Nation is burthen'd:—enquire into the true Motives that have occasioned such repeated Demands for Supplies, and to what Uses those enormous Sums you have granted have been appropriated,—examine the Accounts of the numerous great Offices, and oblige the Heads of them to lay before you an exact Estimate of all the Money passed through their Hands.—

Sir Town. Lord, *Sir Briton*, it would not have been well taken, and shewn a Want of Confidence.

Sir

Sir Brit. Not well taken Sir! who should take it ill?—not his Majesty I am certain: He is too excellent a Prince, and too worthy of the Crown he wears, to resent any thing for the Interest of a People, whose Properties he has taken upon him to protect.—If such Enquiries could have been disobliging to any one, it must be to some Minister, whose only Qualification for the Post he enjoys, is his Skill in Numbers, and might not chuse indeed to have his Province invaded.—But *Sir Townly*, you interrupted me before I had half gone through half the List of those Things I might have expected you would urge to prove the Necessity of a House of Commons,—limiting the Number of Placemen, or what would be still better, turning them all out, some very few excepted;—restoring the Act for calling Triennial Parliaments at least;—strengthening and amending the Act against Corruption, so that neither the Elected nor Electors should find any Hole to creep through;—putting a Stop to the Progress of the Civil List, at least, not adding to it by the Payment of any Debts contracted on that Score; and in fine, as you are the Representatives of the People, acquainted with all their Grievances, and entrusted with their Liberties, Privileges and Properties, to do all in your Power for their Ease and Protection.

Sir Town. Alas! *Sir Briton*, we had not Time for such Things.

Sir Brit. You have been, I confess, pretty much engrossed,—but how, pray?—I have told you what I think, you *ought* to have done,

—————now

—now if you please let me know what you have done.

Sir *Town*. Done Sir!—For that matter we have done enough of all conscience—I dare challenge the Annals of any Parliament since the Conquest to produce the Instances this can of a truly publick Spirit.

Sir *Brit*. Humph—I should be glad to find that.

Sir *Town*. Sir, you need not seek much to find it——It shines like the Sun in every Part, chearing the Heart of every Friend in England, and striking Terror into all her Enemies—I am sorry, very sorry you should be so dim-sighted as not to distinguish it.

Sir *Brit*. A little of your Ophthalmic is indeed requisite on this Occasion.

Sir *Town*. Can you deny that we are not so industriously assiduous with our *Ways and Means* as to prevent all the Desires of the Government?—Did not we grant Supplies even before they were demanded? and lest those Supplies should be found deficient, was not every Session closed with a *Vote of Credit*? Which *Supplies*, and which *Vote of Credit* it was that enabled his Majesty to protect his *German Dominions*, and assist the brave Queen of *Hungary* in all her Schemes, and forced her Husband into the Imperial Throne in the Despite of almost all the *Germanic Body*.——Is it not by the Zeal, Unanimity, and Prudence of a well-disposed House of *British Commons*, she is at present in a Condition to maul the *French* and *Spaniards*, keep the War out of *Italy*, and maintain the
the

the Balance of Power in *Europe*?——And what is more yet, but that's a Secret, it was by the wise Distribution of *English* Gold among some of the leading *Burgomasters*, that the United Provinces were prevailed upon at last to know their own Interest, and submit to a *Stadtholder*——But now I think on't——*Tom*, bring my *Orange*-coloured Suit of Cloths——I must shew it you Sir *Briton*, I am sure you'll be in love with it——'Tis the sweetest fancied Thing, and looks so loyal and so genteel.——

Sir *Brit*. By no means Sir *Townly*; I beg you'll spare *Tom* that Labour——I am but an ill judge of Dress——Besides, you just now accused me of Dim-sightedness; and I am told *Orange* is the worst Colour in the World for the Eyes——Let us return if you please to the Matter in question——I have listned very attentively to all you have been saying, and acknowledge the greatest Part of it to be true——Nothing is more evident than that without this extraordinary Zeal and Alacrity of a *British* Parliament, the Ambition of the Empress Queen could not have been gratify'd, nor the Imperial Crown entail'd, as it now seems to be on the House of *Austria*——It is the Sums so chearfully raised by you that bribed one Part of the Electors, and terrified the other into Compliance with the Views of that Princess, and submitted them to own a Head they had many Reasons to wish should never have become so——It is also by this that Troops have been raised for her where-ever they could be found; and even those she was able to bring
into

into the Field herself, have been constantly paid by you for fighting the Quarrel of their Mistress : Nay, I have heard it credibly reported, that much more has been sent to her for that Purpose than would have subsisted twice the Number of Forces that have ever yet appeared under her Banner——As to what you mention concerning the Affair of *Holland*, I know nothing of it, and shall suspend my Judgment till future Events produce better Information——I agree, however, upon the Whole, that you have done Wonders on one Side of the Question ; but the Matter is, what have you done on the other?——How are the People of *Great-Britain* benefited by all this? or how are they ever like to be gratify'd for all the Expence of Blood and Treasure lavish'd on this *German War*?——Will aggrandizing the Queen of *Hungary* make any Attonement for the Calamities the Nation has sustained on her Account, particularly for the Opportunity which the sending our Army abroad gave to the late formidable Rebellion to spread itself even into the Heart of the Kingdom? Will it restore the Lives of a great Number of our Fellow-Subjects, or the Fortunes of yet more? and what is still more to be regretted, will it make us any amends for the little Care that has been taken of redressing our Grievances, repealing such Laws as may be thought oppressive, and enacting others for the better Security of our Privileges? Will it enable us to discharge National Debts, or particular Persons to satisfy their Creditors? Will it return the honest Tradesman to the

C

Shop

Shop he has been obliged to quit? or will it procure us as many Years Relaxation from Taxes as will serve to reimburse us, for those have been laid upon us for her Service?

Sir Town. Hold, hold, *Sir Briton*, all the Money has not gone that Way: Every Sum that has been raised must not be charged on the Empress Queen.

Sir Brit. I can't tell that, but am pretty certain it was raised on one Score, and passed through one Canal, be it disposed afterward in what manner soever.

Sir Town. Sir, would you allow nothing for Secret Service, for the Expences of Impeachments, and maintaining Evidences?

Sir Brit. Look ye, Sir, I am against nothing that is necessary, or customary for Parliaments to grant; but as for supporting a Pack of Rascals who turn Informers, and abuse the Nation perhaps meerly for Bread; adzooks, if I had the feeding them it should cost little.

Sir Town. O, *Sir Briton*, when once a Man offers his Evidence in behalf of the Crown, he becomes Part of the Retinue of the Crown; and as such must be handsomely supported——

'Tis true, they are as much despised by those who reap the Benefit of their Information, or hated by those who suffer by it; but yet such Fellows must be encouraged, else how should a Government be able to make Discovery of any Plots, Cabals, and treasonable Practices. I will be bold to say, Evidence *Murray* has done us as much good by revealing our secret Enemies, as almost any General ever did by defeating our public ones.

Sir

Sir *Brit.* I fancy too you are very much indebted to some Ladies of his Family for the same purpose.

Sir *Town.* Aye, we are so; but take Care not to mention it——They must be kept in Petto yet awhile——I wonder who could tell you.

Sir *Brit.* To deal freely, No-body; but I imagined it from what I hear of the Difference between their past and present way of living, and find now that I have not been deceived in my Conjecture——But all this is nothing to my Purpose——That heavy Taxes have been laid, and vast Sums raised, every *Englishman* knows; to what Uses they have been applied few *Englishmen* I believe know, or are like to do so——That the late Parliament has had little Regard to the Interest of the Nation is easy to be seen; whether the next will have any more, is hard to foretel; but if the Motive of its Dissolution a Year before the Time, and the sudden calling of a new one be what I am apt to think it is, a pretty good Guess may be formed of what may be looked for from it.

Sir *Town.* Pray, Sir *Briton*, what Motive may you think it?

Sir *Brit.* Truly, Sir, no other than to have the same chose again, and so prolong the Blessing to us for *thirteen* instead of *seven* Years.

Sir *Town.* A wild Imagination! ——Some of us may perhaps be chose again, but not all——Not all I can assure you, Sir *Briton*.

Sir *Brit.* When I said the same, Sir *Townly*, I did not mean that every individual Person would retain his Seat; but that much the greater

Part would do so, whom I believe I could name——Some will doubtless be thrown out if possible, and the House garbled, as the Phrase among you is, not because the Court is not certain of carrying its Point in spite of them, but to deprive them of the Opportunity of making those Remarks on the Conduct of Affairs, which the Privilege of Parliament allows, but would not be safe elsewhere.

Sir Town. These are severe Constructions, *Sir Briton*; but, supposing them to be just, whose Fault is it?—If the People are so ill-satisfied with us who have sat in this last Parliament, as you seem to intimate, they are at their Liberty to chuse others—We cannot force ourselves upon them.

Sir Brit. I don't know what other Name to give it, when this sudden dissolving one Parliament, and as sudden calling another, leaves no Gentleman the Opportunity of making any Opposition against those who were in the last, or even for offering his Service to his Country.

Sir Town. Yes, yes, *Sir*, several have set up and been rejected.

Sir Brit. A State Artifice! — Much of a Piece with your sham Divisions, Arguments and Debates, which it requires a very little Share of Penetration to see through—Some have indeed been nominated, but it is without any Expectation, or even Desire of being elected, and only to gloss over the real Design of the Ministry.—But I perceive, *Sir Townly*, you are grown a thorough-paced Courtier, and are resolved to vindicate every thing be it right or wrong,

wrong, so that it is altogether in vain to offer any further Objections to what has been done.-- I shall therefore now only take that Liberty, to which I think our long Acquaintance and Friendship may entitle me, in appealing to your own Heart, and conjuring you to answer me from thence, if you really think we are that happy Nation which some among us, and even yourself would persuade us we are ?

Sir *Town*. Indeed, Sir *Briton*, any one would think we seem to be so at present.

Sir *Brit*. Seem ! I have seen a Person after a long Sickness seem more full of Spirits just before his Departure, than he enjoyed while in Health : Nature, sensible she is going to be dissolv'd, collects all her Force, and gives that sudden Flash which is the most dangerous Sympton of all, and is called a Lightning before Death—Just so it is with the Constitution—The very Vitals of Liberty is exhausted, and the real Essence gone ; a false Fire supplies its Place for a time, but will soon co-operate, and leave the boasted Fabric among the many Things that once *were*, but *are* no more—Let me then prevail with you to reflect with a little more Solidity than you perhaps have hitherto allow'd yourself on the present real Situation of our Affairs : Strip the Prospect of its glittering Varnish—View its naked Poverty with an impartial Eye, and behold the yet worse Horrors that hang impending over it, and just ready to fall upon our Heads.—Weigh in the Balance of Truth and Reason what has been already done, in order to reduce us to a Condition beneath that of the most contemptible

temptible of our Neighbours, and how near we are to yield our Necks unheeding to the Yoke, which has been a long time preparing—'Tis certain the Mischief is not yet compleated, and it lies in the Power of a truly *British* Parliament, and such a one alone to disappoint all Measures taken for that Purpose—Think, therefore, that if the same Members who composd the last should be re-elected, and they continue for *seven Years* to come, to behave with the same Compliance they have testify'd for the *six Years* past—If every Sessions should bring on new Additions to the Civil List—If fresh Alliances, fresh Engagements should be enter'd into, equally expensive with those we have already made—And, to crown all, the Bill for general Naturalization should pass into a Law, what must become of the unhappy Natives of *Great-Britain*? --- Would not the *New Englishmen* ravish all Trade, all Commerce, all Encouragement from the *Old*?--We see already by the few permitted as an Act of Favour to reside among us, a Pattern of those Encroachments we must expect, when Numbers should arrive with equal Privileges with ourselves,—nor would Gentlemen of Estates fair better than the Handy-craft.—we pay the Government near one Quarter of our annual Rent, by the Tax on Land; and other occasional Imposts, joined with the Dearness of all sorts of Commodities may well be judged at another Quarter Part; and if to this we add the frequent and unavoidable

avoidable Failures of our Tenants, through the Calamities of the Times, we may be said to enjoy in reality not above the Fifth of what we are worth; and the least Augmentation of our present Pressures, must infallibly oblige many of us, the greatest Part I fear, to sell; and it so, who besides those *new Comers* will be enabled to purchase.—Sure no Gentleman can be mean-spirited enough to submit to this, and it must be wholly owing to want of due Reflection, that this Bill was not kicked out of the House with the Indignation it merited, the Moment it was mentioned.

Sir *Town*. We are not certain Sir *Briton*, that such Consequences would ever ensue; but if they should it could not be soon, things in all Probability will continue as they are for our Time at least, and every one loves to make himself as easy as he can while he lives; for my own Part I have a mortal Aversion to Hurry and Bustle, except it be on the Score of Pleasure, and while I can enjoy that Blessing in so many various Shapes, should think myself very unwise to disturb my Mind with Cares for what may never come to pass, or as I said before, I may never live to see.

Sir *Brit*. You may be deceived even in this, —Ruin may come more swiftly paced than you, and many others of your Temper expect; but were you perfectly assured of being Tenant for Life to your Estate, could you content yourself with that? have you no regard of Posterity?

Sir

Sir Town. not enough to oblige me to render my own Life uneasy, for securing the Happiness of theirs,——— I tell you *Sir Briton*, I am determin'd not to make myself obnoxious to the Government, by opposing any of its Measures on any Consideration whatsoever.

Sir Brit. Amazing!——— suppose your Constituents were acquainted with your way of thinking?

Sir Town. You may tell them if you please——— I am sure of my Election.

Sir Brit. Miserable Infatuation! unparall'd in any Age or People! well I am sorry to find you so incorrigible for your own Sake as well as that of the Country; but you must excuse me if I give so much Preference to the latter, as not to be able any longer to rank *Sir Town* by *Careless*, among the Number of those for whom I retain the least Spark of Love or Esteem.——— and so Sir, your Servant.———

Sir Town. Yours, obstinate *Sir Briton Old-mode*, with the same Degree of Respect.——— Come *Tom*, I must dress and wait upon my Lord Duke.

F I N I S